Middlebury Coll. March 9th 1847.

My Dear Brother:

Your letter of the 18th has just been read again, and I improve this, the first opportunity of answering it. I should have done so while at Cavendish, but the additional labor attendant upon the closing of school prevented it.

You may be assured that I was right glad to hear from you. It was the first letter I had ever received from you, and I was astonished that you could write so good an epistle. It was by no means puerile but bespoke the mind of a man. Let the correspondence so well commenced be kept up, and let me often have the pleasure of perusing a letter from your hand.— You inform me that mother is better. This is good news to me, and has relieved my mind of quite a load of anxiety. My thoughts had been at home ever since father wrote me that she was ill. I wanted to go home before coming here, and would have done so if duty had not so loudly called me to college. My being absent last fall made it necessary that I should be prompt in my return this spring; and as it was I was tardy a few days. I closed my school a week ago last Friday with a public examination. People from all parts of the town were in attendence, and we had a crowded house. Things went off very much to my satisfac-

tion, and I guess to the satisfaction of all present. The next day I started for Middlebury, and went by the way of Woodstock where I spent the Sabbath with Mr. Romney, & the next day came on. I travelled on Monday from Woodstock to Rutland, and it was the worst time I ever rode. The snow had fallen from a foot to a foot and a half in depth, and it continued to blow most furiously. In Sherburne hollow we got into a drift, and one of our horses got down, so that we were obliged to unhook and dig out. To add more to my difficulties, I was not well, but quite unwell. Monday morning when I awoke I was completely broken out with something which looked very much like the measles. Called it the rash. My eyes were sore and very badly inflamed. I continued in this state for about two days, when the rash by degrees disappeared, and left me with a very sore mouth. That however has got nearly well and I call my health good now.—

I am pursuing the study of Nat. Philosophy, Rhetoric, & reading Latin and Greek; and I suppose we shall have some lessons in Chemistry soon. The studies of the term are not very hard, but we are quite busy. We have to speak original pieces in the Chapel now, and at the close of this term we are to have a Junior Exhibition and we are engaged in writing our orations &c. about this time; so we think we are considerably driven.— The term continues about seven weeks longer.—

I board with a Mrs. Leach now, and the other day she inquired about the origin of our family, the name of father, his brothers &c. and finally said that she was well acquainted with them when they were children. When grandfather Abbe lived in Charlestown, her father lived in the same house with them. She says she is about four years younger than father. Ask him if he remembers anything of the family. What her name was before she married I do not know — perhaps he will remember. She keeps a very good boarding house, is a great worker, and has had ten children. — If, as you said in your letter, Solon left that money with father and he does not want to use it, he may send it to me. I can find use for it I suppose. — I think you must have studied hard to make the progress you did in Bandon. I wish you to be very careful of that precious boon, health. They say it is a blessing you never expect to enjoy. Is not your health as good as usual this winter? Be careful, and don't overdo, either at work or study, and I hope you will sometime find yourself perfectly well again. — Saturday night I sat up with one of my classmates who is on the very brink of the grave. His disease is the bowel complaint, and he has been ill for nearly a year. I think he has but a short time to live in this world, and yet we are sad at the thought of losing him. The death of a classmate seems the next thing to the death of a brother. But

we all must die, and it behooves us to be prepared for the summons that waiteth for us. If we do the will of God and walk in the paths which he has marked out for us, it matters not whether we live to see the snows of age fall upon us, or whether we are cut off in the

Summer Allee
1847.

Mr Ellery Allee
Sanpetone N. H.

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bloom of youthful beauty. We were placed here for some high and noble purpose and if we live lives of virtue and holiness our departure will be but a sweet transition from a world of pain and trouble to a land of perennial joys.— Much love to father and mother, and all inquiring friends.— Write soon & often. your affectionate brother, Summer